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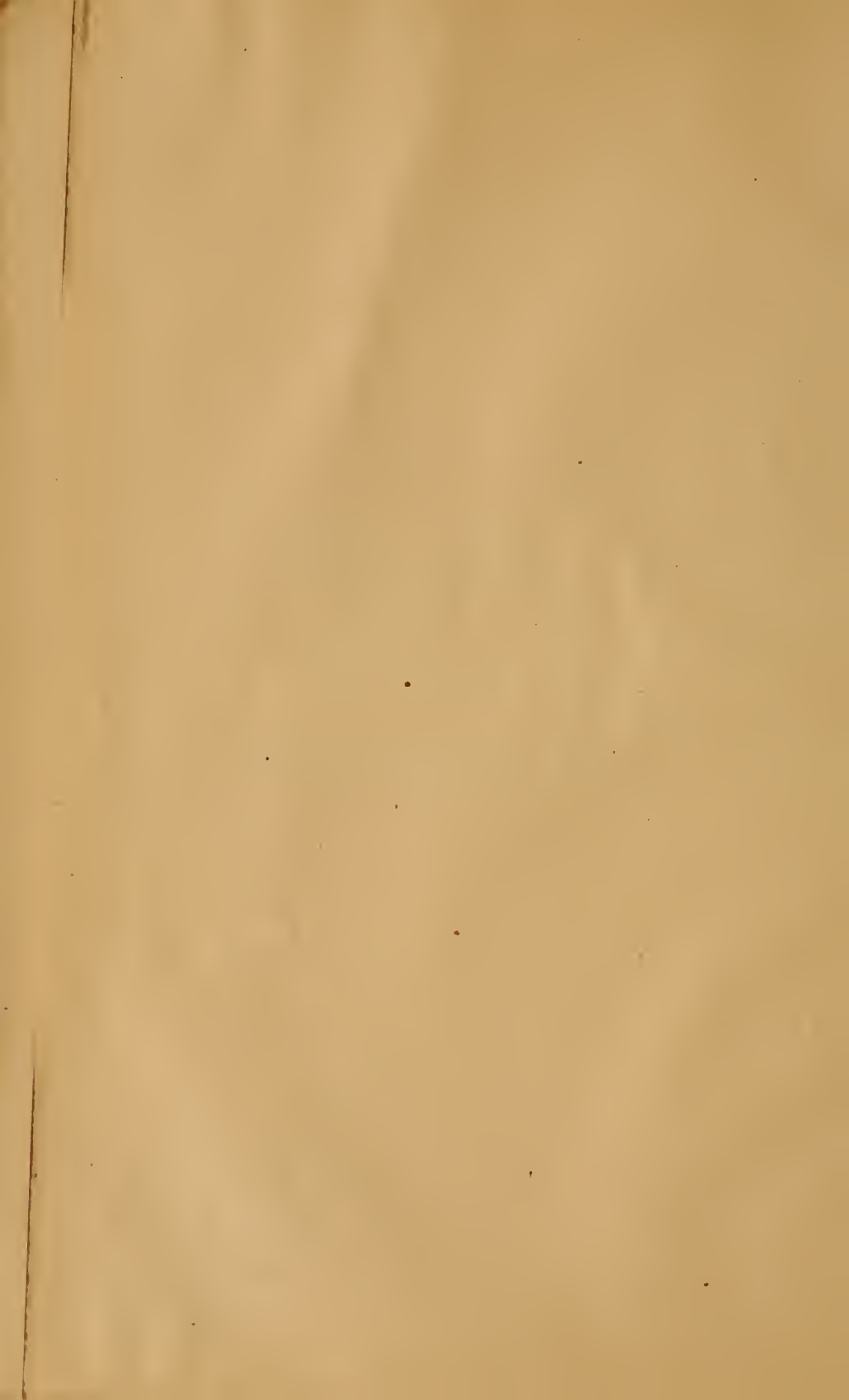
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PROCEEDINGS

AT A

SPECIAL MEETING

OF

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The Survivors' Association

OF CHARLESTON DISTRICT.

JULY 25TH, 1890.

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"The Defense of Charleston Harbor."

PRINTED FOR THE ASSOCIATION BY THE WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL
COMPANY—1890.

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SBP,

A CONFEDERATE EPIC.

MAJOR JOHN JOHNSON'S HISTORY OF "THE DEFENSE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR"—COMPLIMENTARY PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS OF THE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION—CAPT. JOHN C. MITCHEL; HIS VENERABLE MOTHER REMEMBERED.

PROCEEDINGS.

In deference to the very general desire of many members, that the Association should be called together specially, in order that some formal action might be taken, to give expression to the gratification of the members upon the publication of the grand historic work by the Rev. John Johnson, "The Defense of Charleston Harbor," a meeting was held in the armory of the Washington Light Infantry on Friday evening, 26th July, and was a large and influential gathering of Survivors.

Col. Zimmerman Davis, President, occupied the chair, and Mr. J. W. Ward acted as Secretary. The meeting was opened by the following address by the President:

Comrades: There has recently been issued from the press a book by one of our townsmen, the Rev. John Johnson, which will be read with absorbing interest in every part of the civilized globe. It graphically but truthfully describes the siege and defense of Charleston harbor during the years 1863-65. It is the history of the unsuccessful attempts of a powerful enemy, backed by unlimited numbers and every appliance then known in the art of war, to capture Charleston and its defenses.

But it is far more than this; it is the history of the most gallant defense of a beleaguered city ever made in the world, in ancient or modern times. It describes the courage and fortitude of its defenders, the trials, the hardships and the privations they endured; the ingenuity and skill they displayed with the limited resources at their command;

their sleepless vigilance ; their exalted patriotism ; their unconquerable determination that hostile foot should never tread the streets of this beautiful city so long as they held the keys to its gates. This magnificent defense stands without a parallel in the world's history.

We honor these brave defenders ; we are proud of them ; we are proud of their names and of their fame. And we honor the Historian of these glorious deeds. Being himself one of the most efficient in this grand defense, he has unwittingly crowned himself with additional laurels by perpetuating the story. His book should be in every Southern—yea in every American home. It ought to be read by every man, woman and child in our Southland, and remotest posterity ought to be taught from its thrilling narrative the story of Sumter and Moultrie and Wagner.

In obedience to a widely expressed desire I have called you together this evening that we may consult how best to thank the author of this book, and to express to him our appreciation and gratification for the thoroughness of his work, and its invaluable contribution to the history of our times.

Capt. Wm. A. Courtenay said :

Mr. President and Fellow-members: This is an unusual gathering of the Survivors' Association of Charleston. It has been suggested by an unusual occurrence, the publication of the complete historic narrative of the "Defense of Charleston Harbor."

Twenty-five years have passed since the close of the war ; since the last shotted gun was fired in this harbor. During all this long period there has been the yearning that the matchless record of these eventful days be prepared and preserved, not only in justice to the actors in this fierce drama of war at the portals of our city, but as well that posterity should learn on authority, of the unflinching fortitude and the costly sacrifice which illumine these days of severest trial, and which have won a world-wide renown for these sandy shores. Difficulty was Opportunity indeed.

"Worthy deeds," says Milton, "are not often destitute of worthy relators, as by a certain fate great acts and great eloquence have most commonly gone hand in hand, equalling and honoring each other in the same age." How happy then the coincidence with us, that one who held no exalted rank, and was yet a distinguished actor in these stirring

times, should become the historian of these warlike events; should have gathered up quietly, the scattered materials of this wonderful defense, preserved them through all these long years, and finally placed this thrilling narrative in elegant and complete form before his native city and State, the South and the Union.

It is a high privilege to be the historian of an eventful epoch; it is easy to heighten the common, to magnify the rare and superior virtues, but our townsman has reached to higher achievement; he has not only recorded the physical features of the exhausting contest with impartial pen, but he has brought the past back to us, and we hear again the pathetic and heroic story which touched our earlier life with wonder and awe. He has done more than this: he has summoned from that fast receding past, the spirit behind the physical forces, wielding the instruments and compelling the events, which lift up this giant struggle to its recognized high place in military history. "Our vigor is now feeble, our grasp uncertain, our stiffest muscle limp, beside the unyielding grapple of those tough wills."

From the impartial pen of the Chief Engineer of Fort Sumter, always our honored townsman, now the Rev. John Johnson, we have the first complete history of so protracted a struggle,—two years of war history.—

"Never on earthly anvil
Had such rare armor gleamed."

The story so graphically told is by one from civil life who, as a junior officer of engineers, transformed this outpost while under fire and thus made it possible to "hold the fort;" whose merit promoted him to be Major of Engineers, one of a very few, elevated to that high rank from civil life.

The energizing spirit of the struggle was reflected in the community in whose presence this contest was waged; an unprepared community, suddenly confronted with serious necessities, involving the highest scientific knowledge, the most complex mechanical skill. In this volume we are told how the first use of iron armor was tested in this harbor, and when this new military idea went forth, and the workshops of the world were taxed to develop and perfect it, and when, in its advanced and perfect form, it was subsequently arrayed against us, how native skill changed old-type smooth-bore ordnance into rifled guns,

equal to the defeat and partial destruction of the largest ironclad fleet and the heaviest concentration of ordnance the world had then witnessed.

All honor to the citizen, soldier, author, who has patiently, through all these years, worked to this end, and though repeatedly discouraged, has now finally achieved such great success.

One of the simplest and, to me, most impressive memorials in Westminster Abbey is a marble bust erected in honor of George Grote, with its laconic inscription, "The Historian of Greece."

We have no Parian marble, nor monumental hall, with which to celebrate our historian, but it is equally our duty and privilege to place on record our sincere appreciation of such distinguished services, and as well to preserve to posterity the assurance of our affectionate regard. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That the warmest thanks of the Survivors' Association of Charleston District are eminently due, and are hereby unanimously tendered, to the Rev. John Johnson for his untiring labors and conspicuous literary ability in writing this grand history of the Confederate struggle in this harbor.

Resolved, That this Association has noticed with disappointment the absence in this volume, of a portrait of the Author and Engineer; that it is due to the completeness of the volume that this omission be forthwith corrected. That the President request the Rev. John Johnson to give his consent for such portrait to be prepared at once and inserted in all copies of the work.

The resolutions were seconded by Gen. Huguenin, he said:

It has always been a source of deep pride and great satisfaction to me, to remember that I had the good fortune and great honor, to have been intimately connected with the Defense of Charleston Harbor from the beginning to the end. Consequently, I am familiar with many of the details of that defense as related in Maj. Johnson's book, not only as a participant, but as one who being at hand, took a great interest in the stirring scenes being enacted by others. The accuracy and historical value of the work I do most unhesitatingly commend; its literary value is without question. The justice which is meted out to "friend and foe" must be

admired by all. It must be observed however, that in the nature of things and the natural modesty of the author, sufficient justice has not been done in the volume to the defense of Fort Sumter from an engineering standpoint. It may be true, that "conscience makes cowards of us all," yet I have always believed that man is naturally a courageous animal, when he believes he is in the right and doing his duty to himself or his country. Therefore while the officers and soldiers of Sumter have been justly and fully commended for that gallant defense in the line of duty, yet I have always maintained, and do now assert, that sufficient praise and credit has never been given, in proportion, to the engineers whose great skill, bravery and untiring labor rendered Sumter impregnable. Of these engineers, the first and foremost was Capt. John Johnson, and I have no hesitation in saying, that to him, more than any one else, the credit of its defense is due. Courage undirected by intelligence frequently wastes its energies in fruitless sacrifice, while the cool and intelligent soldier takes advantage of every favorable incident, and turns defeat into victory. All honor then to the skill, energy and courage of him, who himself has most signally proved that "*Difficulty is Opportunity.*"

He was followed by Major Theodore G. Barker. Major Barker said :

I esteem it an honor and privilege of no ordinary measure and character to be called on to second the resolutions which have just been read.

It is within the past fortnight that I received my subscription copy of the record of the "Defense of Charleston Harbor." It was at a time when the depression caused by the humiliating spectacle of the recent campaign meetings weighed heavily upon the spirit, when we were told by the men who claimed to speak for the farmers of South Carolina, those whom we have been taught from childhood to believe are the bone and sinew of the State, those whom we had known in the glorious days of 1860 to 1865, and of 1876, as the true and tried sons of South Carolina, proud of her heritage and glory, proud of her history and of their own share in that history, when we were told that these men had united in declaring that all the past of South Carolina was worthless; a barren record of political and social tyranny; a story of wrong and oppression, and a matter of shame rather than of just pride for her children to look upon; it was

under this depression, which each morning's newspaper increased and intensified, with the sense of mortification and almost despair, that I opened the record which Major Johnson had prepared of the defense of Charleston.

It is the only book on the war which I have allowed myself to read since the war. I had put away all such reading for the evening of life, when the harness of work shall be laid aside, and the narrative of disappointed hopes can be read in retrospect, with the philosophy of old age to temper the bitterness of regret. Having been absent from the State and from the city of Charleston from May of 1861 to August of 1865, I had known of the heroic defense of Charleston only through the meagre and suppressed accounts which the newspapers were permitted to give, and such casual allusions as came from private letters or conversation.

I confess, the story of concentrated heroism which Major Johnson's book contains was a surprise and revelation to me. I found myself at once charmed and fascinated. Night after night I drank from those pages as from a cool, refreshing fountain, the draughts of purifying, elevating inspiration. I felt that the South Carolina which I had thought I owned as a thing of glory and ennobling pride and which, in the morning's perusal of the newspaper, I felt had been in a manner stolen from me, was by that record of heroism restored in all its truth and brightness to my assured possession.

I felt that, come what come may, through the ugly and degrading turns of adverse political influences, the place of South Carolina in history, as an object of holy reverence, of sincere respect, of unqualified devotion, was rendered secure beyond peradventure or fear of misrepresentation by that noble record of heroic endurance and exalted courage which the days and nights of trial in Fort Sumter and Battery Wagner alone would forever illustrate. It was indeed a happy fate for those, who by their lives and heroism raised the flag of South Carolina high before the gaze of an admiring world, to have given to posterity so grand, so imperishable a place in history, and next to that happy fate, that glorious privilege of those who fought and died in that grand defense, we must esteem that a supreme good fortune to have been the one of the brave defenders to whose lot was cast the power and the honor of being the one whose pen has recorded the undying glory of the men who fought those forts, and who, by their deeds of valor, placed the

name of South Carolina higher in the niche of fame than even she had ever before been placed.

All honor to the Major of Engineers of the Fort Sumter garrison, and all honor to the man the work of whose hands and head, inspired by lofty patriotic devotion to his State, aided so materially to the success of that defense, and whose faithful record will, for all the ages to come, preserve in imperishable words the story of Fort Sumter.

Major W. H. Brawley also seconded the resolutions eloquently :

I second these resolutions, he said, most heartily. This book is a record of great events. The defenders of Fort Sumter are worthy to stand in history alongside those who held the pass at Thermopylæ.

South Carolina has not at any time in her history been lacking in brave men. From the time when the Indians were driven across her borders down through the years when her untrained yeomanry crossed swords with Tarlton's cavalry to the day when the flag of the Palmetto regiment was the first to be planted upon the walls of Mexico, we had before us examples of valor worthy of the heroic ages, so that it was to be expected when our day of trial came that we too knew how to offer our lives for our country. The battle-fields of the late war between the States showed that we were not degenerate sons, but it was given to our brothers here at the seaward gates of this old city to carve upon the battered casemates of Fort Sumter a story of chivalry that will survive through all the ages. It is that story that is recorded in this volume. It should be read by our sons and sent down as a precious heritage to those who come after us.

It is wise and well that we should revive the memory of those days, when all the sons of South Carolina stood shoulder to shoulder, at this hour when we are riven by factional and sectional dissension. It is well that we should pause in the mad struggle for place and in the eager pursuit of material good and remember that the names most loved and the memories most revered are of those who have shown that they truly loved the State and were willing to die for her; that fortitude and fidelity to principle, devotion to country and to great causes contribute most to her permanent fame and glory.

This is peculiarly a time when such memories should be revived. A generation has passed away since the guns at

Sumter were silenced, and men "who knew not Joseph" have come upon the scene.

The preservation of the memories of great deeds is an element and means of attaining greatness. We could not if we would escape our past and if we have the seeds of worthiness in us we would not. Our State has done wisely therefore in subscribing for a hundred copies of this volume, and in directing that they be distributed among our schools and colleges, for while there are a few among us who are ready to plead the Statute of Limitations against all claims growing out of the services and sacrifices therein recorded, so long as we preserve our self respect as a people, the eye will moisten, and the tongue will tremble, as those memories are recalled.

While the story of the Defense of Charleston is the most unique and brilliant page in our history, let us hope that its wide circulation will be the incentive and forerunner of other histories of deeds not less glorious though less known.

The ever thinning ranks of our Survivors warn us that it is time to put into permanent record those memories we would not willingly let die.

Gen. George D. Johnston, late Superintendent of the South Carolina Military Academy, said he responded in part as a South Carolinian, and in part as the representative of another Confederate State. He was glad that this last opportunity, before leaving South Carolina, was afforded him to speak in behalf of this production of Confederate history, and to say a word in reference to the Confederate record of this glorious little State. During the war he had not the privilege to serve here. He was first in the Army of Northern Virginia, and later in the Army of the Tennessee, but he knew what the feeling of Charleston's defenders were. The eyes of all the Southern armies were constantly turned to Charleston to know how well the guns were being served. We knew that if the defenses were once broken and the coast exposed the Confederacy would be split in twain. But they felt that Charleston was in safe hands; and while they took care of their own front, South Carolina protected the rear and the flanks. He had read the book with great profit, interest and entertainment, and it was an epic in Confederate history, showing examples of heroism which had their counterpart only at Thermopylæ. It was the calmest and most dispassionate work on the war he had ever seen, and it was a book that would live, and

should be placed on the shelves of every library in the South.

He heartily seconded the Resolutions.

Col. S. B. Pickens said :

Mr. President and Comrades :

I regret that circumstances have prevented me from being prepared to second these Resolutions in more fitting terms. I endorse most heartily all that has been said in commendation of this grand work on the Defense of Charleston Harbor. This book of Major Johnson's supplies what has long been wanted in order to form a just conception of the heroic defense of Fort Sumter and other Forts and Batteries around Charleston. It was my fortune to be a Lieutenant in Castle Pinckney during the bombardment of Fort Sumter in 1861, which resulted in the surrender of that Fort by Major Anderson, without the loss of a single life on either side. Those of us who shortly afterwards went to Virginia and witnessed the tremendous clash of arms in open field, with fearful slaughter, were unable to appreciate the dangers and severe trials of our comrades in the Forts, when the tremendous power of iron clad fleets and land batteries were concentrated against them. While on wounded furlough, I came to Charleston, and by permission of Gen. Beauregard went one night to Fort Sumter and had the opportunity of seeing the effects of the terrific bombardment, and could well form an idea of the heroism and great fortitude of officers and men who were under this terrific fire night and day, performing the most trying and continuous duties, of which, those of us in the field, had not a just conception.

I feel, therefore, that not only those who participated in this defense, but every Southern soldier owes to Major Johnson a debt of gratitude for giving to us this book, and that it should be read by every Survivor, and handed down as a precious legacy to our children.

In Memoriam.

Capt. Courtenay, addressing the Chair, said :

Mr. President, there is a grave in our beautiful City of the Dead, which Carolina's daughters yearly deck with flowers on Memorial Day, and on which stands an enduring gray granite monument erected many years ago, by friends who loved the exile's gallant son, and who inscribed upon it this record :

JOHN C. MITCHEL,

Captain 1st regiment S. C. Artillery, C. S. A.,
Commanding Fort Sumter.

Killed upon the parapet during the bombardment.

July 20, 1864. Aged 26.

" I willingly give my life for South Carolina ;
Oh that I could have died for Ireland."

[His last words.]

Erected by his Comrades, 1878.

There lives in a distant city a venerable matron, with brow frosted by time, whose gracious smile is a benediction, and whose thoughts instinctively wander back to this Southland. She gave three sons to the war; one made the last sacrifice at Gettysburg; another on the ramparts of Sumter, and the third, her only surviving son, bears on his person honorable scars won in that contest. On such an occasion as this, every survivor is moved in heart by such mention, and it has occurred to me that it would be a satisfaction to us all, if we could, in an unobtrusive way, and with filial reverence, renew to the mother of our dead soldier friend the assurance of our sympathy after the lapse of twenty-six years. I am sure that such united action would be a solace to this dear lady in her saddened home, and with this purpose I suggest that a copy of the " Defense of Charleston," handsomely bound and suitably inscribed be presented to Mrs. Jane Verner Mitchel.

And I further suggest that a committee of five, to consist of our President as chairman, the Rev. John Johnson, Capt. Chas. Inglesby, of Capt. Mitchel's company, Gen. McCrady

and Capt. James Armstrong, be requested to carry out these wishes of the Association.

On motion of Capt. Wm. Aiken Kelly the name of Capt. Courtenay was added to the committee by a unanimous vote.

In seconding the resolution Capt. Charles Inglesby said :

Mr. President: In the summer of 1861 I received my commission as Lieutenant of Artillery in the regular army of South Carolina. From that time until his death John C. Mitchel and I were officers in the same command, which, upon the formation of the Southern Confederacy, was mustered into the Confederate army and its officers commissioned by the Confederate Government. Under our organization, we were regimental and not company officers. In the fall of 1863, regimental promotions assigned me to Capt. Mitchel's company as his senior first lieutenant, and it was then that the pleasant relations existing between us ripened into a warm and intimate personal friendship. So far as I know, every officer in the regiment esteemed and respected him : most certainly I did. But it was not until I became his senior lieutenant, occupying the same tent with him at Fort Johnson, under the constant fire of the enemy's batteries on Morris Island, that I was able to take in the whole measure of the man. It is my deliberate judgment that, for his years, he was one of the most remarkable men that I have ever known.

As an officer and soldier he possessed the highest military qualifications, while no braver or more gallant officer ever flashed a sword. At the same time, his heroic and daring spirit never made him forget the caution and prudence which an intelligent commander should observe with reference to the safety of those under him.

As a man, his was the highest standard of honor and courtesy, and as a scholar it has ever been a profound mystery to me, how so young a man could have acquired so much knowledge. An accomplished mathematician, his amusement was to work out the most difficult problems in calculus. A wonderful historian ; he was thoroughly versed in English and especially in Irish History. He was a fair classical scholar, and at the same time could make himself understood in three or four modern languages.

With the strictest views of right and wrong, he revered and respected all that was worthy of reverence and respect ; no one ever heard him scoff at religion, and he regarded woman with the chivalrous deference of a knight of the olden

time. He espoused the Southern Cause, because he felt that in doing so, he was not only battling for the right, but was defending the weak against the arrogance of power! Small in stature and of delicate physique, he was in heart, soul and intellect a giant!

He was detached from his company January 4, 1864, and placed in command of Fort Sumter—from this until his death he was never again in immediate command of the company, although it was our pleasure to serve several tours of duty under him at that post. We were at Battery Marion on Sullivan's Island when the news of his death reached us on 20th July, 1864, and men as well as officers, felt that we had not only lost a captain and leader in whom we absolutely relied, but we had also lost a comrade whom we all dearly loved. His death placed the third bar on my collar, but feeling that I had lost "a friend who was nearer than a brother," the happiness of promotion was lost in grief for the death of my friend!

As I have said, I was at my post on Sullivan's Island when he received his death wound and died in Fort Sumter. It was, therefore, not permitted me to be with him in his last hours, but those who were, bear witness that he died the gallant hero that he lived. Some time afterwards, I accidentally heard two soldiers who had been in the fort at the time, speaking of him. They were utter strangers to me and were not talking for effect. The one said to his comrade: "Do you know why it was that Capt. Mitchel was killed?" Upon being asked, why, he replied: "Because he did not know that Yankee shells could hurt anybody. No matter how the shot and shells were flying, he would walk about and not seem to know that there was any danger in them."

It was the pride of the South, that her armies were composed of her own people and not of the hirelings from all parts of the world, as were the armies of the North. Comparatively few foreigners fought beneath the Southern Cross. Those who did, were sons of freedom who came to fight for freedom's cause! He was one of those. And no life-blood shed in our war came from a truer, purer, nobler heart than that which came from the heart of John C. Mitchel.

I second the resolutions.

Col. Edward McCrady, Jr., spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman: I shall gladly act upon the committee suggested by Capt. Courtenay. The names of Lafayette,

DeKalb and Steuben—men from other lands who came to America to fight for her independence—are preserved throughout the land. The struggle for freedom in which they took part was successful, and a grateful country has perpetuated their memories in the names of its cities, counties, forts and societies.

The struggle for constitutional liberty in which Capt. Mitchel fell, was unsuccessful, but none the less should we, in whose cause he gave up his life a voluntarily sacrifice, gratefully remember his heroism and honor his name. True 'tis little we can do in his honor, but that little may be priceless in touching the heart of the aged mother still grieving for her gallant son. It will, at least, gratify her to know that the people of the old city for whom he fought and fell, have not forgotten his deeds, nor the sacrifice in giving so precious a life in their cause; that we, the survivors of the army in which he fought, think of his mother, and sympathize alike in her pride and her grief, as we read the admirable story of Fort Sumter and the conspicuous part Capt. Mitchel bore in the glorious defense, and of his heroic death upon its crumbling walls.

The resolutions were also seconded by Capt. James Armstrong.

The chaste and tender tribute, he said, to the courage and fidelity of the three sons of the Irish patriot and devoted friend of the South, John Mitchel, which has just been offered by Capt. Courtenay, and the delicate and deserved compliment he wishes to confer on their noble mother, not only receives our hearty approval, but will also elicit the admiration of the race to which these self-sacrificing heroes belonged. This mourning mother, who like Sparta of old, estimated her wealth by the virtue and valor of her children, will value this precious souvenir more highly than if it were gold, for it eloquently and truthfully tells of the incomparable siege of Charleston in which one of her sons, Capt. John C. Mitchel, displayed the very chivalry of courage, exhibited sublime fortitude, and died a glorious death.

This history will be doubly dear to her, for it has been written by one who was a courageous comrade and dear friend of her son, who fell while in command of Fort Sumter, on the 375th day of the siege. In his official announcement of the fact that John C. Mitchel was mortally wounded, Major Johnson, Engineer Officer of the Fort, added: 'Alas,

what a loss!' The Charleston Courier of July 21, 1864, in noticing Capt. Mitchel's death, mentioned how strongly he was attached to Major Johnson said :

"He spoke with special enthusiasm concerning the fidelity, courage, devotion and energy of Capt. Johnson of the engineers as largely entitled to credit for the defense of Fort Sumter, and also concerning the cool and deliberate determination of the garrison to defend and replace, when needed, the flag which had so often been cut down but never lowered or kept down."

Capt. Armstrong continued: I earnestly hope that the suggestion of Capt. Courtenay may be adopted, and I trust that his name will be added to the committee.

Capt. Courtenay's proposal was unanimously adopted, after which the meeting adjourned.

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS,
President.

From the Minutes.
J. W. WARD,
Secretary.

CONFEDERATE THOUGHTS.

The proceedings of the Survivors' Association last evening are marked by excellence in every respect. The eulogium pronounced on Rev. John Johnson's history of the Defense of Charleston," does credit to all concerned and will be satisfying to the whole community; no home in South Carolina or in all our Southland, and as for that, no impartial home in the Union, should be without this grand chapter of American War history, while the military student everywhere will not fail to study this full and remarkable lesson of war.

The remembrance of the Mitchel family will touch every heart, where this most worthy mention is read.

Mr. John Mitchel, the exile, upon reaching the United States, lived in the South, and his vigorous and scholarly pen was wielded warmly for Southern rights.

When the war came on, his eldest son, John C. Mitchel, came quickly to Charleston soon after the ordinance of secession was passed, and through Judge Magrath's influence, was early commissioned by Governor Pickens as second lieutenant of the First South Carolina regular Artillery.

His soldierly qualities so attracted Gen. Beauregard's notice, that on the transfer of Gen. Elliott from Fort Sumter to Virginia this youthful captain of artillery was appointed to the command of Fort Sumter, where he lost his life in the discharge of his duty. His younger brother, William H. Mitchel was at school in France when the war begun, but ran the blockade, volunteered "for the war" in a Virginia corps, and fell, storming the heights of Gettysburg in Pickett's famous charge—barely 18 years of age. A third and only surviving son, Capt. James Mitchel, also entered the Confederate army in a Virginia regiment, was severely wounded, but still survives and lives in New York, where his mother and only sister also reside.

Nearly three decades have gone by since these events happened, and it is to the honor of Charleston that her Survivors' Association recalls these costly sacrifices in a single family which, in perilous times, cast their lot so unselfishly with our Southland. The delicate and respectful attention

to the venerable Mrs. Mitchel will find an approving response not only here, but wherever it becomes known in South Carolina and the South. It is a pleasure to record so thoughtful an act.

"To live in hearts
We leave behind is not to die."

[*Charleston, S. C., World, 26th July.*]

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 26th, 1890.

DEAR MRS. MITCHEL:

The Survivors' Association of this city has appointed us a special Committee to transmit to you herewith their Resolutions of July 25th, 1890, accompanied with an inscribed copy of the historical work, entitled: "*The Defense of Charleston Harbor, &c.*" and to ask your acceptance of the same.

It is a truthful narrative of the times of difficulty, trial and danger; and we are fully sensible of the fact that your lot was cast with us, and that your tenderest ties of motherhood were shared with the matrons of the soil, in gladly giving as they did, your noblest offspring to the cause of the Southern Confederacy. While many of these Spartan mothers were permitted to welcome home their heroic sons returning from the war and bringing back their untarnished shields with them, we gratefully and sorrowfully remember that your noble son, Captain John C. Mitchel, while at his post of duty as commander of the proudest citadel of our harbor, was stricken down by the foe and borne back from the forefront of battle upon his equally bright and untarnished shield. Placed in command of this fortress, the outpost of the harbor and the gateway to the city, he justified all the faith and confidence which his adopted State and country had in him, and now his remains are resting in our own soldiers' ground.

While we, his comrades of the war, preserve in our hearts the record of his gallant services before our once beleagured city, let us hope that you will admit into the shrine of your memory, as watchers with you at the tomb of that dear son,

those whose names are signed below. Invoking the Divine favor upon you and your family, we assure you of our abiding affection and remain,

Your obedient servants,

ZIMMERMAN DAVIS, *President.*

JNO. JOHNSON.

CHARLES INGLESBY.

EDWARD McCRADY, JR.

JAMES ARMSTRONG.

WM. A. COURTENAY.

NEW YORK, August 6th, 1890.

Col. Zimmerman Davis

and Gentlemen of the Committee, Charleston, S. C.

DEAR SIRs—I have just received your communication on behalf of the Survivors' Association, and hasten to assure you of my deep gratitude to you and your associates, and to the good people of Charleston, for this thoughtful and gracious act of kindness towards myself and those few members of my family still left to me. If anything could compensate me for the heavy losses I have sustained, it would be the knowledge that there are many who have shared my grief with me, and that the worth and services of my son are recognized, and his memory borne in affectionate remembrance by those with whom he was so closely associated, who knew him well in the days when all were so sorely tried.

I need hardly say how highly I value Mr. Johnson's book and the proceedings of the Association. They will be preserved among my most cherished mementoes of our great War, among which is a little pencil sketch by the author of this history, of a casemate in Fort Sumter, sent me soon after my son's death.

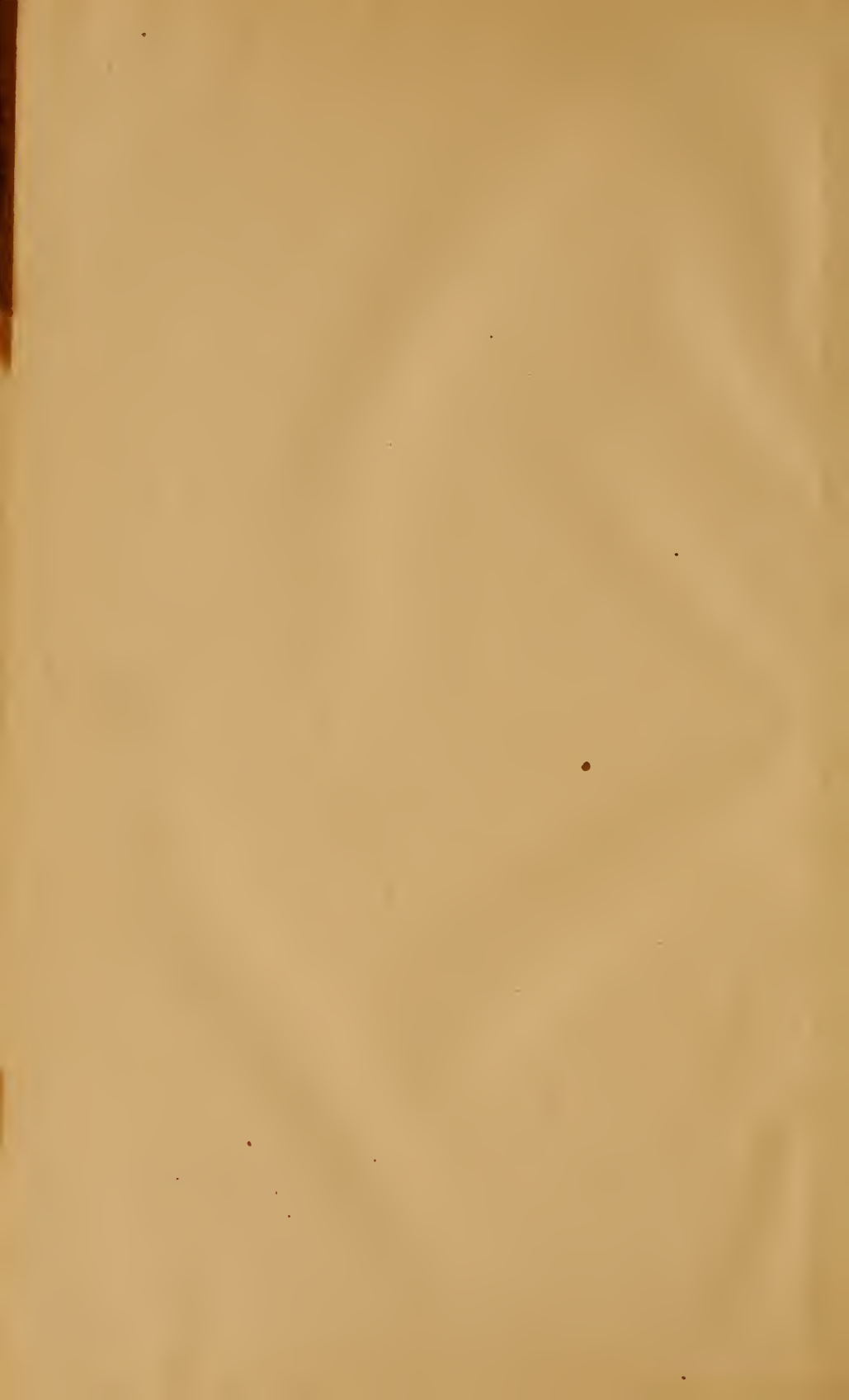
Hoping gentlemen, to be permitted at some time or other to visit your noble city, and there to have the pleasure of meeting you, and of again personally telling you how deeply I have have been touched by your kindness,

I am, with sincere regard very truly yours,

JANE MITCHEL.









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